

# **THE DRAMA;**

OR,

## **THEATRICAL**

# **POCKET MAGAZINE.**

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No. V.      **SEPTEMBER, 1821.**      Vol. I.

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### **MR. COOPER.**

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" Few in so short an interval have gained  
A higher rank than Cooper has obtained ;  
Formed with those lines that happily express  
No little share of pity, or distress,  
With strong good sense, and latitude of mind,  
A keen conception, and a taste refined ;  
Few men, in fact, at present on the stage,  
Deserve a warmer notice from the age."

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Of all early prepossessions, there is none, it seems, that takes so strong a hold of the youthful mind, as the passion, enthusiasm, or whatever else it may be styled, for theatrical performances. In some this infatuation is intuitive, while in others it is the result of incidental circumstances, arresting the attention of the mind, at a time when it is most susceptible of vivid impressions.

The passion for acting seems to have been intuitive with  
VOL. I.

Mr. COOPER. Born and educated in Bath, at a period when the drama had attained a very high degree of splendour, he imbibed the prevalent spirit of the day, and "*strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage*," ere he had attained the anxious era of manhood. The fond admiration of his friends contributed to the nourishment of this enthusiasm; and, in spite of parental mandates, young COOPER, but just escaped from boyhood, undertook the part of *Alonso*, at a private theatre, while Mrs. W. WEST, well known to the London audiences, performed the character of *Leonora*, in the "*Revenge*." The die was now cast, and all was over. The histrionic talents of Mr. COOPER were noised throughout Bath; and the manager, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, engaged him for a stipulated period. The consent of the old gentleman was yet to be obtained; and, after a long consultation, the son procured the permission of his father to perform, positively for one night only, the character of *Inkle*, in the celebrated opera of that name. He appeared for the first time in this part in the year 1811, and threw around it a grace and splendor which not even its author could possibly have ventured to anticipate.

Mr. COOPER retained his situation at the Bath Theatre until the term of his engagement had expired, when, to the infinite regret of his numerous patrons, he left that city for Cheltenham, where he continued to perform, with increasing improvement, till the close of the season. It was about this time that he received a liberal offer from the managers of the Haymarket; at which theatre he introduced himself to the notice of a London audience, as *Count Montalban*, in the "*Honey Moon*." From the Haymarket, he connected himself with CHERRY, of theatrical memory, who was then manager of many of the Welsh Theatres, and continued the principal performer in his establishment, until his death, which happened but a short time subsequent to his engagement.

On the death of the manager, the company were instantly dispersed, and Mr. COOPER, with the additional reputation he had acquired by his numerous performances, presented himself at Liverpool and Scotland, until he was recalled to the notice of a London audience, by a liberal offer from Mr. ELLISTON. From the period of his first ap-

pearance at Drury Lane, in the character of *Romeo*, to the present day, he has been gradually establishing himself in public estimation. He has acquired considerable popularity by his vivid and accurate delineation of the "love sick youth," and personated it so much to the satisfaction of the finest judge of his time, Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, that, as a testimony of his merits, he presented him with a handsome sword, accompanied by a complimentary note on the occasion. Such an attestation of merit as the one we have just described, is superior to whole pages of flattery—it speaks for itself—and requires the mere simple mention to render it effectual.

The acting of Mr. COOPER is distinguished by a chasteness of manner that indicates extreme intellect. If it has not the electrical brilliancy of KEAN, or the imposing majesty of KEMBLE, it is distinguished from both by a depth of feeling, and exquisite propriety, that is more particularly its own. But we shall descend from the general to the more minute characteristics of Mr. COOPER's style of acting, a task which we perform with considerable satisfaction, as the language of commendation will, in this instance at least, be the language of sincerity.

His *Romeo*, the character in which he originally appeared, is distinguished by a depth of passionate sentiment, a richness of style, and a general felicity of execution, that argues a thorough intimacy with this master-piece of SHAKESPEARE's imagination. His scene in the garden, where he reveals his love to *Juliet*, and throws his soul as it were on her mercy, was remarkable for its strict adherence to the loveliest feelings of nature, and excited, in an unusual degree, the sympathy of the audience. The memorable scene with the Friar, in which he learns his doom, was also admirably acted, and the contest with *Paris* was good; indeed the whole of the last act is intitled to the warmest eulogy—we really prefer it to the admirable representation of Mr. C. KEMBLE.

*Othello*, like his other performances, was characterized more by its general propriety, than by any insulated merit it possessed. The gradual rise of the "subtlest of all human passions," was depicted with the usual felicity of genius. The address to the senate was given with fine de-

clamatory skill. His performance in the scene where *Iago* first excites his suspicion, was greatly applauded; it certainly was a fine exhibition of the gradual progress of jealousy, developing itself by internal writhing agony, and marked variety of countenance. He gave "*O! now for ever farewell the tranquil mind, &c.*" with great force and feeling, and the beautiful speech, "*Had it pleased heaven to try me with affliction,*" in a subdued tone, in which energy and pathos were exquisitely blended. But his best effort was the last; indeed we have never heard the concluding passage of the play delivered with more deep and intense feeling, or more striking effect.

Of his *Richmond* we must speak in terms of the highest panegyric. It is the best on the modern stage, and although the character does not require any very great efforts or share of genius, yet Mr. COOPER's personation has certainly raised the character to a higher eminence than it has ever before been accustomed to be placed. *Richmond* is no hero; he possesses no strong or leading passions; he is a cold calculator of right and wrong, and weighs the expediency of every action, previous to his venturing upon it.—He seeks the crown it is true, and lends all his faculties to the hoped accomplishment of this end; but he is led to his search by a concatenation of events which he has no end in producing, though he takes advantage of them as they fall out. His title might have still slept, and *Richard* lived and died in peace, for any effort he would of himself have made to disturb him. It is only when his way is cleared and made easy, when the usurper, assailed on every side, with none about him but constrained friends, already totters to his fall, that *Richmond* steps forward with his claim; and presenting them some object for which to fight, makes all the force of *Richard*, Yorkists or Lancastrians, his friends. Yet even these advantages will not suffice, he will make

"Security doubly secure,"

And by uniting the amalgamating interest of the rival roses, insure to himself the submission of all parties. Such is *Richmond's* character. A character thus made up of policy and caution is not most proper for the display of

what is termed *fine acting*: however, all the beauty of which it is really susceptible, and all which the Poet intended it should display, is observable in Mr. COOPER's performance. He pleads the justice of his cause, like an orator, who, conscious of the reasonableness of his arguments, scorns to intrap the hearts of his hearers by any specious sophisms; he delivers his speeches with grace and elegance, and this is all that is required, all that is possible to be done with strict propriety.

In the characters of *Alonso*, in the "*Revenge*," *Mark Antony*, and *Titus*, in "*Brutus*," he was very respectable, as was also his *Arsenio*, in "*Conscience*." His *Joseph Surface* and *Edgar* also displayed some very fine acting.

As *Fontaine*, "*Térèse*," he did not answer our expectations; but when he assumed the character of *Carwin*, the advocate, in the same piece, in the room of Mr. WAL-LACK, he played it inimitably; indeed it is impossible that the part should be performed more finely. His short and pithy replies to *Picard* have great effect; particularly when asked "*Whether he would soon again visit the village?*" the laconic reply, "*Perhaps!*" was excellently given. "His attitude when *Térèse* first meets his view is very fine, and the scowl of contemptuous defiance which he darts on the *Count d'Morville* is perfectly demoniacal. His interview with *Térèse* in the cottage is excellently played; his agitation and his vain attempts to check the "inward monitor," *conscience*, are admirably described; his soliloquy, previous to the commencement of the judicial process, his dread of public exposure, and gradual self-recovery, in recollecting that no person could by any chance be acquainted with his guilt, and the whole of the trial scene, merit the highest eulogy. His reply to *Fontaine*, on being urged to touch the corpse of his supposed victim, the convulsive agony which shakes his whole frame on beholding what he imagines the spectre of *Térèse*, and the death, are all as fine as it is possible to imagine; indeed they are beyond all praise." (1)

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(1) Vide PARRY's "*Criticisms on the actors of the day*." No. 98, *Literary Chronicle*.

Of most of his other performances we have already expressed our opinions in our former pages, we shall not therefore repeat them here, but take our leave of Mr. COOPER, with a full certainty, that the more the town becomes acquainted with his merit and genius, the greater will be their inclination to cherish his talents, and we doubt not that when many of those meteors, who for a time have dazzled our eyes, and bewildered our understandings, shall be shrouded in darkness, Mr. COOPER will still continue to hold a respectable station on the stage, and with each succeeding season increase in reputation and ability.

## DRAMATIC PORTRAITS.

### No. III.

#### MISS COPELAND.

*Suggested on witnessing her Performance in "Frederick and Voltaire," at the Surrey Theatre.*

INGENIOUS fair one, who so well pourtray'd,  
As meek *Jeannette*, a simple Prussian maid,  
Full well thou know'st, devoid of labour'd art,  
To wake to sympathy the gen'rous heart.  
Now *this*, at thy command, compels the tear,  
*That*, bids the gay enlivening smile appear.  
"Stand forth," cried NATURE, "and my pow'r proclaim,  
Let ART confess, superior far, my fame.  
Be thine the task to plead my sacred cause,  
Uphold my name, and vindicate my laws."  
Heav'n heard her pray'r, nor let her sue in vain,  
With pow'rs increas'd, in *thee* she blooms again;  
O, ne'er may *art's* deceptive pow'r allure,  
To tempt the dangers of her paths obscure.  
Think not the scene which *affectation* sways,  
Can fix attention, or deserve our praise;  
But following still all-powerful Nature's laws—  
Receive the tribute of our warm applause.

Could the great *Frederick* leave those realms so blest,  
 Where wearied spirits find a welcome rest,  
 Bursting the confines of the spheres above,  
 Return once more, to prove his subjects' love,  
 Should the same case occur, and *thou Jeannette*,  
 His gen'rous pity he would sure forget, (1)  
 And calling *Frantz* an undeserving elf,  
 Seek to secure the beauteous prize *himself*!

*Kennington, Sept. 2, 1821.*

N.A.

## STRATFORD ON AVON.

(Continued from page 187.)

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of SHAKESPEARE, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his cotemporaries, as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease, fifty-three years—an untimely death for the world; for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favour.

The inscription on the tomb-stone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since, also, as some labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space, almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. None, however, presumed to meddle with

(1) Alluding to his intention to promote the union of the lovers, which was opposed by the father.

his remains, so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle, or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of SHAKSPEARE.

Next to his grave are those of his wife, his favourite daughter, Mrs. HALL, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full length effigy of his old friend, JOHN COMBE, of usurious memory, on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. (1) There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on any thing that is not connected with SHAKSPEARE. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of SHAKSPEARE were mouldering beneath my feet.

I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the LUCYS, at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park where SHAKSPEARE, in company with some of the Roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of Deer stealing. In this hare-brained exploit, we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir THOMAS LUCY, his treatment must

(1) SHAKSPEARE being one day in company with Mr. COMBE, and requested by that gentleman to write him an epitaph, SHAKSPEARE immediately gave him the following—

*"Ten in the hundred lies here engraved;  
'Tis a hundred to ten, his soul is not saved;  
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?  
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my JOHN-A-COMBE."*



have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirits, as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecot.

The following is the only stanza extant of this lampoon:—

“ A Parliament member, a justice of Peace,  
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an asse;  
If lowsie is LUCY, as some volke miscalle it,  
Then LUCY is lowsie, whatever befall it.  
    He thinks himself great,  
    Yet an asse in his state,  
We allow, by his ears, but with asses to mate.  
If LUCY is lowsie as some volke miscalle it,  
Then sing lowsie LUCY whatever befall it.”

This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him, that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick, to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer stealer. SHAKESPEARE did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a country attorney. He forthwith abandoned the pleasant banks of the Avon, and his paternal trade—wandered away to London—became a hanger-on to the theatres—then an actor—and, finally, wrote for the stage; and thus, through the persecution of Sir THOMAS LUCY, Stratford lost an indifferent wool-comber, and the world gained an immortal poet. He retained, however, for a long time, a sense of the harsh treatment of the Lord of Charlecot, and revenged himself in his writings, but in the sportive way of a good-natured mind. Sir THOMAS is said to be the original *Justice Shallow*, and the satire is slyly fixed upon him by the *Justice's* armorial bearings, which, like those of the knight, had white luces (1) in the quarterings.

Various attempts have been made by his biographers to soften and explain away this early transgression of the poet; but I look upon it as one of those thoughtless exploits natural to his situation and turn of mind. SHAKESPEARE, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and ir-

(1) The luce is a pike or jack, and abounds in the Avon about Charlecot.

regularity of an ardent, undisciplined, and undirected genius. It is often a turn up of a die, in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet ; and had not SHAKSPEARE's mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil, as he has all dramatic laws.

A proof of SHAKSPEARE's random habits and associates in his youthful days, may be found in a traditionary anecdote, picked up at Stratford by the elder Ireland, and mentioned in his " Picturesque Views on the Avon."

" About seven miles from Stratford, lies the thirsty little market town of Bedford, famous for its ale, two societies of the village yeomanry used to meet, under the appellation of the Bedford Topers, and to challenge the lovers of good ale, of the neighbouring villages, to a contest of drinking. Among others, the people of Stratford were called out to prove the strength of their heads, and in the number of the champions was a SHAKSPEARE, who, in spite of the proverb, that ' they who drink beer, will think beer,' was as true to his ale, as *Falstaff* to his sack. The chivalry of Stratford was staggered at the first onset, and sounded a retreat while, they had yet legs to carry them off the field. They had scarcely marched a mile, when their legs failing them, they were forced to lie down under a crab tree, where they passed the night. It is still standing, and goes by the name of SHAKSPEARE's tree.

" In the morning, his companions awakened the bard, and proposed returning to Bedford, but he declined, saying, he had had enough, having drank with

Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,  
Haunted Hilboro', Hungry Grafton,  
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wickford,  
Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bedford.

" The villages here alluded to," says IRELAND, " still bear the epithets thus given them ; the people of Pebworth are still famed for their skill on the pipe and tabor ; Hilborough is called haunted Hilborough, and Grafton is famous for the poverty of its soil."



SIR,

*The following estimate of the merits of the histrionic art, and description of the wonderful talents of an actress, who has now withdrawn herself entirely from our admiring gaze, appear to me so new and original, as well as so just and eloquent, that I think they will be acceptable to your readers; they are extracted from an interesting article in "The Retrospective Review," on "Colly Cibber's Apology for his own Life."*

Baker Street.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

W.H.

"The Life of CIBBER is peculiarly a favourite with us, not only by reason of the superlative coxcombrty which it exhibits, but of the due veneration which it yields to an art too frequently under-rated, even among those to whose gratification it ministers. If the degree of enjoyment and of benefit produced by an art be any test of its excellence, there are few indeed which will yield to that of the actor. His exertions do not, indeed, often excite emotions so deep or so pure as those which the noblest poetry inspires, but their genial influences are far more widely extended. The tenderest beauties of the most gifted of bards, find in the bosoms of a very small number an answering sympathy. Even of those who talk familiarly of SPENSER and MILTON, there are few who have fairly read, and still fewer who truly feel their divinest effusions. It is only in the theatre, that any image of the real grandeur of humanity—any picture of generous heroism and noble self-sacrifice—is poured on the imaginations, and sent warm to the hearts of the vast body of the people. There are eyes, familiar through month and years only with mechanic toil, suffused with natural tears, engendered by sacred pity. There are the deep fountains of hearts, long encrusted by narrow cares, burst open, and a holy light is sent in on the long sunken forms of the imagination, which shone fair and goodly in boyhood by their own light, but have since been sealed and forgotten in their 'sunless treasures.' There do the lowliest and most ignorant catch their only glimpse of that poetic radiance which is the finest glory of our being.

While they gaze on the wondrous spectacle, they forget the petty concerns of their own individual lot, and recognize and rejoice in their kindred with a nature capable of high emprise, of meekest suffering, and of defiance to the mortal powers of agony and the grave. They are elevated and softened into men. They are carried beyond the ignorant present time; feel the past and the future on the instant, and kindle as they gaze on the massive realities of human virtue, or on those fairy visions which are the gleaming fore-shadows of golden years, which hereafter shall bless the world. Their horizon is suddenly extended, from the narrow circle of low anxieties and selfish joys, to the farthest and most sacred hills which bound our moral horizon; and they perceive, in clear vision, the eternal rocks of defence for their nature, which the noblest spirits of their fellow men have been privileged to raise. While they feel that 'which gives an awe of things above them,' their souls are expanded in the heartiest sympathy with the vast body of their fellows. A thousand hearts are swayed at once by the same emotion, as the high grass of the meadow yields, as a single blade, to the breeze which sweeps over it. Distinctions of fortune, rank, talent, age, all give way to the warm tide of emotion, and every class feel only as partakers in one primal sympathy, 'made of one blood,' and equal in the mysterious sanctities of their being. Surely the art which produces an effect like this—which separates, as by a divine alchymy, the artificial from the real in humanity—which supplies to the artisan, in the capital, the place of those woods and free airs, and mountain streams, which insensibly harmonize the peasant's character—which gives the poorest to feel the old grandeur of tragedy, sweeping by with sceptered pall—which makes the heart of the child leap with strange joy, and enables the old man to fancy himself again a child—is worthy of no mean place among the arts, which refine our manners by exalting our conceptions!

"It has sometimes been objected to the theatrical artist, that he merely repeats the language and embodies the conceptions of the poet. But the allegation, though specious, is unfounded. It has been completely established by a great and genial critic of our own time, that the deeper

beauties of poetry cannot be shaped forth by the actor, and it is equally true, that the poet has little share in the highest triumphs of the performer. It may, at first, appear a paradox, but is nevertheless proved by experience, that the fanciful cast of the language has very little to do with the effect of an acted tragedy. Mrs. SIDDONS would not have been less than she is, though SHAKSPEARE had never written. She displayed genius as exalted in the characters drawn by MOORE, SOUTHERN, OTWAY, and ROWE, as in those of the first of human bards. Certain great situations are all the performer needs, and the grandest emotions of the soul all that he can embody. He can derive little aid from the noblest imaginations or the richest fantasies of the author. He may, indeed, by his own genius, like the matchless artist to whom we have just alluded, consecrate sorrow, dignify emotion, and kindle the imagination, as well as awaken the sympathies. But this will be accomplished, not by the texture of the words spoken, but by the living magic of the eye, of the tone, of the action—by all those means which belong exclusively to the actor. When Mrs. SIDDONS cast that unforgotten gaze of blank horror on the corpse of *Beverley*, was she indebted to the playwright for the conception? When as *Arpasia*, in "*Tamerlane*," she gave that look of inexpressible anguish, in which the breaking of the heart might be seen, and the cold and rapid advances of death traced, and fell without a word, as if struck by the sudden blow of destiny—in that moment of unearthly power, when she astonished and terrified even her oldest admirers, and after which, she lay herself really senseless from the intensity of her own emotion—where was the marvellous stage-direction, the pregnant hint in the frigid declamatory text, from which she wrought this amazing picture, too perilous to be often repeated? Do the words "I'm satisfied," in *Cato*, convey the slightest image of that high struggle—that contest between nature long repressed and stoic pride—which Mr. KEMBLE in an instant embodied to the senses, and impressed on the soul for ever? Or, to descend into the present time and the lowlier drama, does the perusal of "*The School of Reform*" convey any vestige of that rough sublimity which breathes in the *Tyke* of EMERY? Are Mr.

LISTON'S looks out of book, gotten by heart, invented for him by writers of farces ? Is there any fancy of invention in its happiest mood—any tracings of mortal hand in books, like to the marvellous creations which MUNDEN multiplies at will ? These are not to be 'constrained by mastery' of the pen, and defy not only the power of an author to conceive, but to describe them. The best actors, indeed, in their happiest efforts, are little more indebted to the poet, than he is to the graces of nature which he seizes, than the sculptor to living forms, or the grandest painters to history."

## THE DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHER.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

*(Resumed from page 164.)*

The handsome Captain having excited warm wishes in a variety of females, at length a doating lady, whose passion made her lose sight of moral rectitude, as well as of feminine propriety, procured a friend to point her out to him as a wealthy heiress ; this convenient and cunning agent added, with a significant look, that his addresses would not be likely to be unattended with success.

The state of his finances rendering a rich wife a desirable prize, he speedily conducted this false, this forward fair one to the altar ; but as the fond couple returned from church the new married man was considerably surprised at the following words of his wife : " Mr. FARQUHAR, the happiness or misery of my future life depend upon this moment ;—you have been deceived, I am not possessed of those riches which you have been taught to expect ; the whole of my wealth is a fond heart, which throbs only for you.

" I had long seen, and long loved you, and in the warmth of my affection too readily encouraged the reported false-

hood of a large fortune, as the only means of securing you to myself."

On this trying occasion our bridegroom conducted himself with a forbearance which will meet with many approvers, but I am afraid with but few imitators; and the deceived husband was never known to treat his fair imposter with unkindness, or even inattention.

In his circumstances and situation an advantageous matrimonial connection was *the only card he had to play*: having thus lost all possibility of improving the opportunities which his person, accomplishments, and superior association afforded; and having offended Lord ORRERY, domestic care and pecuniary embarrassment soon came on, and, excepting a few short intervals, clouded the remainder of his days.

His wife, who appears to have been, *in the main, a good sort of a woman*, but who, like too many adventurers of both sexes, thought that in love as well as in war, every stratagem was fair; his wife now seeing her husband completely wretched, and still continuing passionately attached to him, began to reflect upon the criminal duplicity of her conduct; she felt concerned that *her* depravity had irretrievably ruined the man she loved; accusing conscience planted her pillow with thorns, and unavailing repentance, low spirits, and ill-health embittered the draughts of love; but FARQUHAR did not abate one jot, or one tittle of affectionate attention. In the urgency of want, and unable to meet the frowns of his patron, he sold his commission for the benevolent purpose of restoring a sickly wife to health by change of air, and by procuring for her the best medical advice.

This temporary supply having quickly fled, and having thus deprived himself of his only certain income, he lost his spirits and appetite, and *existed*, in a drooping condition, till his last piece, "*The Beaux Stratagem*," was performed.

The success of this comedy produced a short sunshine of cheerfulness; but the day was far spent, the night of death was at hand, and he expired while the curtain was dropping on the fifth night of its performance, in the year 1707, aged only thirty, and evidently worn down by anxiety and care.

There is something extremely interesting in the fate of FARQUHAR ; though deceived and irreparably ruined by the woman he married, this circumstance did not prevent his behaving to her with undiminished kindness ; in the languor of sickness, and the dejection of convalescence he involved himself in distress to procure comfort and alleviation for a fond deceiver who had blasted all his hopes. In private life his conduct was irreproachable, and his morals pure, and he fulfilled the important duties of a husband, a father, and a friend with exemplary correctness.

The plays of FARQUHAR have been often condemned, and his own morality questioned in consequence of the tone of levity and licentiousness which pervades all his writings ; he has been accused of occasionally lapsing into gross impropriety, and obscene allusion ; he has been charged with wandering into forbidden paths, and his comedies have been added, in the estimation of many persons, to the long list of dangerous productions, which, generally speaking, tend to laxity of morals, and leave the nervous system or the imagination of those who read, or those who see them represented, in a state of vicious irritation.

In his defence, it must be remembered that he was writing for a Stage whose taste was vitiated, and that he was *obliged* to accommodate his pen to the depravity of the times. That he could not do this *willingly*, his own pure and perfect life and manners must be considered as a sufficient proof. The difficulty of his situation must not be forgotten ; he wrote, in some measure, to procure the means of existence, he also felt an uncontrollable propensity to *write*, and that he was master of the necessary qualifications was universally admitted ; yet had he produced a play to which the above objections could not be applied, will it be supposed for a moment that it would have been relished, or even tolerated in the perverted state of principle and practice that then bore so general and unopposed a sway ? He experienced the natural desire of an author to bestow delight and win success ; he was also stimulated by the wants of a family, and the sufferings of a declining wife, whose cruel imposition did not, in his opinion, release him from the engagement into which he had entered ; under these circumstances we must not too harshly censure the



errors of FARQUHAR, if his works are sometimes liable to the reprehensions of the moralist and the divine; and indeed how can we help forgetting their faults, when we dwell upon their excellencies, and reflect upon their recommendations of witty dialogue, vivacious spirit, humourous incident, and just pictures of human life?

W. DALBY.

## AN ADDRESS,

### AS A PROLOGUE TO A PRIVATE PLAY.

"Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player,  
That frets and struts his hour upon the stage—  
And then is heard no more."——

SHAKSPEARE.

Folly, in every age, in every state, we find  
A constant inmate of the human mind;  
Immortal SHAKSPEARE! honor'd be the name—  
Proves in his "Seven Ages," just the same;  
From infant childhood, to more childish, *age*,  
Folly, still reigns!—and—"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."  
To night our little stage, by folly led,  
Shall we attempt in Thespian paths to tread;  
To "*fret our hour*" on this our stage compact—  
"*And feed contention in a lingering act.*"——  
I'm hither sent to humbly crave of you.  
Indulgence for our faults—and follies too—  
If 'twere enough, you well assured might rest,  
We strive to please, and do our humble best,  
Not gain, we act for, but for pleasure's due,  
And only please ourselves, by pleasing you,  
By rigid law the *intent*, makes not the *act*,  
But this is when of *crime*, they try the fact,  
But now, when you as jury must decide,  
*Pleasure* or not, the issue to be tried,  
We trust with mercy you'll your task fulfill,  
And for the deed, accept for once—the *Will*.

O ! would kind nature but our will, obey !—  
 Then should you see we'd act indeed a play—  
 Of actors then we'd rise another race,  
 Perfect in all the mimic stage can grace,  
 Great Garrick's, Kean's and Kemble's, sink so low,  
 They should but raise the very scum of woe—  
 The tragic queen, should stand acknowledged ours,  
 And only SHAKSPEARE, worthy of our powers !—  
 " But this eternal blazon must not be—  
 We are to act what you are pleased to see.—  
 O ! how we envy him, whom kinder fate  
 Has form'd an actor of the highest state,  
 To keep sweet sympathy in constant flow,  
 And from the coldest eye, draw streams of woe,—  
 While from a wife, some soul for ever parts ;  
 The echoing sighs, resound from bursting hearts—  
 While guilt o'er innocence the dagger rears—  
 To draw from—dark—black-eyes—a flood of tears—  
 Or from man's stouter heart, by grief oppress'd,  
 Draw forth a sigh, to ease his labouring breast—  
 —While beauty feels a rival's direful hate—  
 Or swelling hero meets his dauntless fate—  
 Or whilst its victim dread ambition kills.  
 You weep—at what ?—imaginary ills !—  
 If it be folly, as our wise men say,  
 To weep for *real* sorrows, pass'd away—  
 The folly, sure, far greater is, that weeps  
 For grief—that feels not—with the actor—sleeps !—  
 Thus do I prove, that folly holds her reign,  
 As well o'er hearer as o'er actors brain—

(*Stepping forward.*)

But pleased and proud will he be, who, to night  
 Shall draw a tear from eye, or dull, or bright,  
 If any one, more happy than the rest—  
 Should raise a sigh, from some soft maiden's breast ;  
 Happy the folly ; that to night shall greet,  
 The echoing plaudits, that your hands repeat !—  
 —But while you give your kind applause to these—  
 Excuse the folly, that should fail to please !—

F.G.



## OTWAY AND LEE.

## MR. DRAMA,

All the writers of the life of NATHANIEL LEE, seem to have been ignorant both of the time and circumstances of his unsuccessful attempt as an actor. Even the author of the "*Biographia Britannica*," from whom more accuracy might be expected than from others is as much a stranger to them as his brethren. In the 5th Vol. of that work, the author says, "It is not known whether he commenced player before, or after he began to write."

From an old pamphlet, written by DOWNES the prompter, printed in 1708, called "*Roscus Anglicanus*," I learn that his appearance on the stage as an actor was in 1672, three years before his first play was performed. The part which he attempted was that of *Duncan*, in "*Macbeth*;" but as Mr. DOWNES's account fixes the time also of another celebrated bard's appearance on the stage, I shall give you the whole passage in his own words, only premising, that "*Macbeth*" was revived in the same year, 1672, at which time I suppose LEE made his attempt, and failed. It is in page 34 :—

"*The Jealous Bridegroom*," written by Mrs. BEHN, a good play, and lasted six days; but this made its *exit* too, to make room for a greater—the "*Tempest*."

*Note.*—In this play Mr. OTWAY, the poet, having an inclination to turn actor, Mrs. BEHN gave him the King in the play, for a probation part, but he being not used to the stage, the full house put him into such a *sweat*, and *tremendous* agony, being *dasht*, spoilt him for an actor. Mr. NATHANIEL LEE had the same fate in acting *Duncan* in "*Macbeth*," ruined him for an actor too. I must not forget myself. Being listed for an actor, in Sir WM. D'AVENANT's company in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the very first day of opening the house there with the "*Siege of Rhodes*," being to act *Haly*, [the King, Duke of York, and all the nobility in the house, and the first time the King was in the Theatre,] the sight of that august presence spoilt me for an actor too. But being so in the company of two such eminent poets, as

they proved *afterward*, made my disgrace so much the less ; from that time their genius set them upon poetry ; the first wrote "*Alcibiados* ;" the latter the tragedy of "*Nero* ;" the one for the Duke's, the other for the King's house."

I shall only add to this account, that both their attempts were made at the Theatre, in Dorset Gardens, in the Duke's company.

Sep. 2nd, 1821.

I am, Sir, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

## ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

(Continued from page 167.)

### 8.—FRENCH AUDIENCES.

The theatrical audiences of our own country have been long accused of boisterous and noisy deportment ; it may not however be as generally known, that our neighbours, the French, always so famed for their politeness and good breeding, have been equally so. So early as the year 1596, an order was made by the civil magistrate on the 5th of February, as follows :

" *Every person is prohibited from doing any violence in the Play-house of Burgundy, during the time any piece is performing, as likewise from throwing stones, dust, or anything which may put the audience into an uproar, or create any tumult, &c.*"

### 9.—"ADELAIDE DE GUESELIN."

*A Tragedy by M. VOLTAIRE, 1734.*

VOLTAIRE recast this piece under the title of the "*Duke of Foix*," but afterwards he had it played under its first title. In its original state there was a character called *Coucy*, to whom another of the characters said emphatically after a long speech, "Art thou content *Coucy* ?"—The pit echoed the actor by exclaiming "*Coussi, Coussi*," [so, so.] This piece of wit raised a laugh, a circumstance very often

fatal to a tragedy and which was nearly the cause of this play being condemned.

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10.—MONTFLEWRY.

This actor considered his profession so honourable, that when his marriage articles were preparing, and he was desired, being a man of family to describe in what manner he chose to be distinguished, he answered, that it was not in the power of ancestors to confer talents, and that the most honorable title he desired to be known by, was that of '*Actor to the King*'

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11.—THE GAMESTER.

This celebrated tragedy was translated into French by I. B. SAURIN, under the title of "*Beverley, a Tragedy of private life.*"

"This piece is among those which is played but seldom, yet, which always attracts company, from its total dissimilitude to the pieces commonly played, and as commonly abused when the performance is over. As, however, many of our ladies with delicate nerves are shocked at the catastrophe, and find the poisoning too horrible, M. SAURIN has given two 5th acts, one of which ends dolefully, as the piece has hitherto been played; the other more cheerfully, since, when *Beverley* is about to poison himself, his wife, his friend, and the old servant, arrive in time to prevent the mischief, and to revive him with the assurance that his fortune is changed; that he is not a beggar in spite of all the follies he has committed; of all the pains he has taken to reduce himself, and all belonging to him, to a state of beggary. Judge of the excellence of a plot, the end of which may be changed from black to white, or from white to black, without an injury. I must, however, think that this is not the case, and the plot is exceedingly injured; and that there is not the least atom of common sense in the change. Our academicians and *beaux esprits* allow a wider scope to genius than SOPHOCLES or EURIPIDES; they would never have taken it into their heads that the same subject could be wound up *ad libitum*, happily or unhappily.

M. SAURIN, with his double-faced *denouement*, reminds me of the Vicar of Montchauvet, in Lower Normandy, who came to Paris eighteen years ago, bringing with him a printed tragedy of "*David and Bathsheba*," a choice morsel for those who love to amuse themselves with the follies of their fellow creatures. He said that he had formed the plan of a tragedy on the subject of Belshazzar; and the piece was actually published some months after. He expressed himself much astonished whenever he heard our poets harangue about the difficulty of forming a plan for a tragedy; for his part he had a secret for it, which he always found infallible. The knot, he added, must be at the conclusion; and, in the case of my Belshazzar, for instance, every thing turns upon whether he shall sup or not in the fifth act; for, if he does not sup, the hand cannot write upon the wall, and adieu to the piece. Well, then, since I intend he shall sup, I say that he will in the first act; in the second I say that he will not; in third that he will; in the fourth that he will not; then the turn comes up again in the fifth that he is to sup; and so the matter is settled. If I had not intended him to sup, I should have begun by saying that he would not, and so the turn for the negative would have come round at the conclusion. In truth, the Vicar of Montchauvet was a man of penetration; he knew the secret of some of our greatest artists."

*De Grimm's Correspondence, vol. I. p. 101.*

## 12.—"THE GREEN GALLANT."

*A Farce by D'ANCOURT.*

This piece was a representation of a whimsical fact. A certain Abbé made warm love to a dyer's wife; who highly offended at his importunities, informed her husband of his infamous conduct. It was upon this concerted between them, (in the Abbé's hearing) that he should be obliged to leave her for a short time on business. The Abbé of course profited by the circumstance, and prevailed upon the lady to admit him to supper. He had however no sooner sat down than the husband thundered at the door; when in making his escape by the lady's direction, through a passage which led to the dye-house, he fell into a vat, where

he floundered for a long time, and at length came out completely *green* from head to foot.

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13.—“INES D'CASTRO.”

*A Tragedy by DE LA MOTTE, 1723.*

DE LA MOTTE, being one day at a coffee-house, he presently heard a knot of these critics abuse his play; when, finding that he was unknown to them, he joined heartily in abusing it himself. At length, after they were pretty well glutted with decrying its merits, “what shall we do with ourselves for the evening?” said one, “suppose,” said DE LA MOTTE, “we go to the *seventy-second* representation of this bad play.”

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14.—DRAMATIC AUTHORS IN FRANCE.

Previous to the revolution, a dramatic author, in France, was encouraged in a degree, and with a punctilious attention to his ease and interest, perfectly unknown in any other country. He had a right to one twenty-first part of the gross receipts of his piece every night it was performed, in every theatre in France, all his life, and his heirs for ten years after his death. The utmost care was taken both to protect his copyright in the piece, and, what might seem more difficult, to secure him his due share of the profits each night in all the theatres in France, which exceed a hundred in number. A particular office was established in Paris, in which the author needs only to enter his name, and he has no further trouble to take. The office had its correspondents and cashiers all over the country, and accounted to the author for his full profits for a commission of two per cent. At the expiration of the two first years, the author of any popular piece might rely on having cleared near £1700 sterling. After that the profits decreased, but if the author had produced two or three such pieces, he not only provided decently for himself but his children, a comfortable provision for ten years after his decease.

## 15.—BOISSI.

This author wrote a great number of pieces for all the theatres ; but they were very slovenly and negligently written, and on trifling subjects. His first pieces after a time were generally reduced to farces, and some times to one act. The actors took this liberty so unmercifully with his productions, that he was not always very much satisfied. "Why zounds," said he one day, "if my plays are to be hacked and hewed in this manner, what shall I do to have a piece represented in Five Acts ?"—"Write it in eleven," said an actor.

## 16.—"CLEOPATRA."

In this tragedy, (by MARMONTEL) which met with great disapprobation, a famous mechanic had constructed an asp so artfully that it seemed perfectly alive. As it approached *Cleopatra* the eyes sparkled like fire, and it began to hiss. After the scene was over one of the auditor's asked a person who sat near him, how he liked the piece ; "why faith, sir," said the other, "I am of the *same opinion* as the *asp*."

## 17.—VOLTAIRE.

A man of genius being told that VOLTAIRE was not the author of the tragedy of "*Alzire*," replied, "I should be heartily glad if it were so, for in that case the nation would boast of one more great poet than it had bargained for."

(To be occasionally continued.)

## CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE

*Between DAVIES (the Actor) and CHURCHILL.*

MR. DRAMA,

In the year 1763 a report was prevalent among the performers that CHURCHILL was about to publish a new



theatrical satire, entitled "*The Smithfield Rociad*," in which the merits of the inferior actors were to be investigated. TOM DAVIES, of Covent Garden, having been informed that he was to be the hero of this intended publication, thought proper to remonstrate with the poet on the subject; the following is the curious correspondence that passed between these two remarkable personages, and which I here transcribe from the original letters.

I am, Sir, &c.

A Member of the Covent Garden Company.

SIR,

Conscious of my inability, and ever desirous of attending to the reproof of those whose judgment in my profession must be deemed of a superior degree, from the just estimation they have acquired in the literary world; I humbly conceive myself entitled at least to solicit an omission of such parts of your next intended publication as may tend to expose some imperfections (perhaps natural ones) and thereby retard the progress I presume to hope in the esteem of the candid world, from an invariable assiduity and exertion of the poor talents with which I am invested. Nature and fortune are not equally liberal to all. Perfection in my profession is rarely attainable. Where the pursuit of science has its due effect, and the knowledge of ourselves improves with other attainments, it will dispose us to treat with lenity those who wait our reproof at humble distance, and to correct their errors, in a manner not injurious to them in the very means of existence, but by kindly admonishing, conducive to excite a due attention, and produce reformation in all, who are conscious of defects and willing to amend; amongst whom none is more sincerely so than, sir,

Your humble servant,

T. DAVIES.

SIR,

From whom you have obtained your information, concerning my next publication, I know not, nor indeed am solicitous to know, neither can I think you entitled, as you

express it, to an exemption from any severity, as you express it, which gentlemen of your profession, as you express it, are subject to. I am

Your humble servant,

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

P. S. Defects (perhaps natural, as you express it,) are secure, from my own feelings, without any application.

## SHAKSPERIANA.

### No. IV.

*Being a Collection of Anecdotes, and Fragments—relating to Shakspeare—with critiques, and observations on his Dramatic powers and compositions, original and select.*

BY G. CREED.

—“His works are such,  
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.”

#### 22.—STORY OF “MEASURE FOR MEASURE.”

*From DOUCE's “Illustrations.”*

Three sources whence the plot of this play might have been extracted may be mentioned:—viz. WHETSTONE's *Heptameron*, 1582, 4to; his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, 4to; and Novel 5, decad. 8, in CINTHIO GIRALDI. It is probable that the general outline of the story is founded on fact, as it is related, with some variety of circumstances, by several writers, and appears to have been very popular. It is, therefore, worth while to point out the following works in which it occurs.

In LIPSIUS *Monita et exempla politica*, Antwerp, 1613, 4to. cap. viii. CHARLES, “*the Bold*,” Duke of Burgundy, causes one of his noblemen to be put to death for offending in the manner that *Angelo* would have done; but he is first compelled to marry the lady. This story has been copied from LIPSIUS into WANLEY's *Wonders of the little World*,

book iii. cap. 29. 1678. folio; and from WANLEY into that favourite little cheap book, BURTON'S *Unparalleled Varieties*, page 42. See likewise *The Spectator*, No. 491. This event was made the subject of a French play, by ANTOINE MARECHAL, called *Le Jugement équitable de Charles le Hardy*, 1646. 4to. Here the offender is called *Rodolph*, Governor of Maestrich, and, by a theatrical licence, turns out to be the Duke's own son. Another similar story of CHARLES'S upright judgment may be found in the third volume of GOULART'S *Thresor d'Histoires admirables*. 1628. 8vo. p. 373.

Much about the time when the above events are supposed to have happened, OLIVIER LE DAIN, for his wickedness surnamed "*The Devil*," originally the barber, and afterwards the favourite of LOUIS XI. is said to have committed a similar offence, for which he was deservedly hanged.—[See GODEFROI'S edition of the *Memoirs of Philip de Comines*, Brussels, 1723. 8vo. tom. v. p. 55.]

At the end of BELLEFOREST'S translation of BANDELLO'S *Novels*, there are three additional, of his own invention. The first of these relates to a captain, who, having seduced the wife of one of his soldiers, under a promise to save the life of her husband, exhibited him soon afterwards through the window of his apartment, suspended on a gibbet. His commander, the Marshal de BRISAC, after compelling him to marry the widow, adjudges him to death. The striking similitude of a part of this story to what Mr. HUME has related of Colonel KIRKE will present itself to every reader, and perhaps induce some to think with Mr. RITSON (however they will differ in expressing the sentiment) that Mr. HUME'S narration "is an impudent and barefaced lie."—See the "*Quip Modest*," p. 30. A defence also of KIRKE may be found in the *Monthly Magazine*, vol. ii. 544. Yet though we may be inclined to adopt this side of the question, it will only serve to diminish, in a single instance, the atrocities of that sanguinary monster.

In LUPTON'S "*Siquila, Too good to be true*," 1580. 4to. there is a long story of a woman, who, her husband having slain his adversary in a duel, goes to the judge for the purpose of prevailing on him to remit the sentence of the law. He obtains of her, in the first place, a large sum of money,

and afterwards the reluctant prostitution of her person, under a solemn promise to save her husband. The rest is in BELLEFOREST'S novel.

In Vol. I. of GOULART'S *Thrésor d'Histoires Admirables*, above cited, there are two stories on this subject. The first, in p. 300, is of a citizen of Como, in Italy, who, in 1547, was detained prisoner by a Spanish captain, on a charge of murder. The wife pleads for him, as before, and obtains a promise of favour on the same terms. The husband recommends her compliance, after which the Spaniard beheads him. Complaint is made to the Duke of Ferrarra, who compels the captain to marry the widow, and then orders him to be hanged. The other, in p. 304, is of a provost, named LA VOUSTE, whose conduct resembles that of the other villain's, with this addition : he says to the woman, " I promised to restore your husband ; I have not kept him—here he is." No punishment is inflicted on this fellow.

The last example to be mentioned on this occasion, occurs in COOKE'S "*Vindication of the Professors and Profession of the Law*." 1646. 4to. p. 61. During the wars between CHARLES V. and FRANCIS I. one RAYNUCIO had been imprisoned at Milan, for betraying a fort to the French. His wife petitions the governor, DON GARCIAS, in his favour, who refuses to listen but on dishonourable terms, which are indignantly rejected. The husband, like *Claudio*, in "*Measure for Measure*," at first commends the magnanimity of his wife, and submits to his sentence ; but when the time for his execution approaches, his courage fails him, and he prevails on his wife to acquiesce in the Governor's demands. A sum of 10,000 crowns is likewise extorted from the unhappy woman, and she receives, in return, the dead body of her husband. The Duke of Ferrarra [Hercules d'Este], who was general for the Emperor, is informed of the circumstance ; he persuades the Governor to marry the lady, and then orders him to be decapitated.

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### 23.—HAMLET.

CAPEL thinks there are traces of an acted "*Hamlet*" as early as 1593, and that SHAKSPEARE'S extant "*Hamlet*"

did not precede 1605. He attributes both plays to SHAKSPEARE, and supposes the last to be new-written. But the probability seems to be, that the first "*Hamlet*" is of some other author, and that the various emendations intended were never completed. A first act so admirably written, can hardly have brought on so lame and impotent a conclusion, unless the pressing demand for representation had induced the author to use the new, that was ready with the old that was known.

#### 24.—KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE IN SHAKSPEARE.

It has ever been considered as one of the most distinguishing qualities of SHAKSPEARE, that he appears acquainted with human nature to the bottom, and that his knowledge in this respect is so ready and so intimate that it is always before him; and in whatever mode his characters may appear, he never forgets what nature requires under such situations. There is a striking instance of this in the beautiful play of "*Romeo and Juliet*." *Romeo* being enamoured of *Juliet* at the masquerade of the Capulets, is desirous of knowing who she is; he enquires, and is answered by the nurse. *Juliet* makes the same enquiry from the same cause, but makes it in a very different manner: *Romeo* had put the question at once; let us see how *Juliet* enquires.—

*Juliet*. Come hither, Nurse.—Who is yon gentleman?

*Nurse*. The sun and heir of old *Tiberio*.

*Juliet*. Who's he that now is going out of door?

*Nurse*. He, as I think, is young *Petruchio*.

*Juliet*. Who's he that follows here and would not dance?

*Nurse*. His name is *Romeo* and a *Montagu*.

Here we see that she enquires the name of every stranger before that of the only one who, at that moment, possessed her sole thoughts. How natural is this timid modesty, this girlish artifice.

G. C.

#### 25.

"The style of SHAKSPEARE's comedy is in general natural to the characters and easy in itself, and the wit most

commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhymes, as in the "*Comedy of Errors*," and some other plays. As for his jingling, sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age in which he lived ; and if we find it in the pulpit made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the greatest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage." ROWE.

## 26.—COINCIDENCES IN THE "TEMPEST."

*Caliban* observes—

—"Then in dreaming,  
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches,  
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I waked,  
I cry'd to dream again."

ANACREON sporting with virgins in his sleep, struggles to obtain a kiss from one, during which he awakes, and finds himself alone.

"Miserable man ! (he exclaims,) I longed to sleep again."

The next, in the mouth of *Stephano*, is so like a sentiment in EURIPIDES, that we might fancy it introduced in ridicule of him, like those lines we find from the tragic writers in the comedies of ARISTOPHANES.

*Trinculo*. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool.

*Stephano*. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Hector*, in the *Rhesus*, says, with regard to losing the opportunity of fighting,

"It is not only a disgrace, but with the disgrace a loss."

## 27.—SHAKSPEARE AND D'AVENANT.

SHAKSPEARE was accustomed to visit Stratford annually, and in performing these journies he used to bait at the Crown Inn at Oxford, then kept by JOHN D'AVENANT, the father of the poet, whose wife was beautiful and accom-

plished. The constant visits of the bard, and the charms of his landlady, gave rise to scandalous reports, and, amongst others, it was stated, that their son, WILLIAM D'AVENANT, (afterwards Sir William,) who was so fond of SHAKSPEARE that he would run from school to see him whenever he heard of his arrival, was once observed by an old townsman, running homeward, almost out of breath, and upon being asked whither he was going in such a hurry? answered "to see his God-father SHAKSPEARE." "That's a good boy," replied the old townsman; "but have a care you don't take God's name in vain."

## SINGULAR DETECTIONS OF MURDER.

"—— I have heard  
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaimed their malefactions;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ.——"

SHAKSPEARE.

### MR. DRAMA,

*The following instances, to which SHAKSPEARE is supposed to have alluded in the above lines, are extracted from a scarce and curious book called "The Actors' Vindication," by THOMAS HEYWOOD.*

Your's, &c, HOTSPUR.

"The unchaste are by us shewed their errors, in the persons of *Phrine, Thais, Lais, Flora*, and amongst us *Rosamond*, and *Mistress Shore*. What can sooner print modesty in the souls of the wanton, than by discovering unto them the monstrosousness of their sin? It follows that we prove these exercises to have been the discoverers of many notorious murders, long concealed from the eyes of the world. To omit all far-fetched instances, we will prove it by a domestic, and home-born truth, which within these few years

happened. At Lynn in Norfolk, the then Earl of Sussex's players, acting the old *History of Friar Francis*; and presenting a woman, who insatiately doting on a young gentleman, had (the more securely to enjoy his affections,) mischievously and secretly murdered her husband, whose ghost haunted her, and, at divers times, in her most solitary and private contemplations, in most horrid and fearful shapes, appeared and stood before her. As this was acted, a townswoman (till then of good estimation and report,) finding her conscience (at this presentment) extremely troubled, suddenly shrieked and cried out—"Oh! my husband, my husband! I see the ghost of my husband fiercely threatening, and menacing me!" at which strange, shrill and unexpected outcry, the people about her, moved to a strange amazement, inquired the reason of her clamour; when, presently, unpurged, she told them, that seven years ago, she, to be possess of such a gentleman (meaning him) had poisoned her husband, whose fearful image presented itself in the shape of that ghost: whereupon the murderess was apprehended before justices to be further examined, and by her voluntary confession was afterwards condemned. That this is true, as well by the report of the actors, as the records of the town, there are many eye witnesses of this accident of late years living, who did confirm it.

"As strange an accident happened to a company of the same quality sixty years ago, or thereabouts, who playing late in the night at a place called Penryn, in Cornwall, certain Spaniards were landed the same night, unsuspected and undiscovered, with intent to take the town, spoil and burn it; when suddenly, even upon their entrance the players (ignorant as the townsmen of any such attempt) presenting a battle on the stage, with their drum and trumpets struck up a loud alarm; which the enemy hearing, and fearing they were discovered, amazedly retired, made some few idle shot in a bravado, and so in a hurley-burley fled disorderly to their boats. At the report of this tumult, the townsmen were immediately armed, and pursued them to the sea, praising God for their happy deliverance from so great a danger, who, by his providence made these strangers the instrument and secondary means of their escape from



such imminent mischief, and the tyranny of so remorseless an enemy."

"Another of the like wonders happened at Amsterdam, in Holland. A company of our English Comedians (well known,) travelling those countries, as they were before the Burghers, and other the chief inhabitants, acting the last part of "*The Four Sons of Amon*," towards the last act of the history where penitent *Rinaldo*, like a common labourer, lived in disguise, vowing, as his last penance, to labour and carry burdens to the structure of a goodly church, there to be erected; whose diligence the labourers annoying, since by reason of his stature and strength, he did usually perfect more work in a day than a dozen of the best, (he working for his conscience they for their lucre.) Whereupon, by reason of his industry, which had so much disparaged their living, they conspired among themselves to kill him, waiting some opportunity to find him asleep, which they might easily do; since the sorest labourers are the soundest sleepers, and industry is the best preparative to rest. Having spied their opportunity, they drove a nail into his temples, of which wound immediately he died. As the actors handled this, the audience might on a sudden understand an outcry, and loud shriek in a remote gallery, and pressing round the place, they might perceive a woman of great gravity, strangely amazed, who with a distracted and troubled train, oft sighed out these words; "oh! my husband, my husband!" The play, without further interruption proceeded; the woman was to her own house conducted without any apparent suspicion, every one conjecturing as their fancies led them. In this agony she, some of these few days languished, and on a time, as certain of her well disposed neighbours came to comfort her; one among the rest being churchwarden, to him the sexton posts, to tell him of a strange thing happening him in the ripping up of a grave. "See here," quoth he, "what I have found," and shews them a fair skull, with a great nail pierced quite through the brain-pan, "but we cannot conjecture to whom it should belong, how long it hath lain in the earth, the grave being confused, and the flesh consumed." At the report of this accident, the woman out of the trouble of her afflicted conscience, discovered a former

murder ; for twelve years ago, by driving that nail into that skull, being the head of her husband, she had treacherously slain him. This being publicly confessed, she was arraigned condemned, adjudged, and burned. But I draw my subject to greater length than I purposed ; those therefore, out of other infinities, I have collected both for their familiarity and lateness of memory."

So far HEYWOOD,—next month Mr. Editor I shall with your permission present you with some further instances of the same kind, but of more modern date.

## DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

" I have culled such necessities as are behoveful."

*Romeo and Juliet.*

### 29.—CONGREVE.

This sprightly writer has been in general supposed to have written his comedies without any reference to life or nature. The following transcript letter of Mr. DRYDEN to Mr. WALSH (Mr. POPE's friend), will shew how ill this observation is founded.

" CONGREVE's '*Double Dealer*,' (says he,) is much censured by the greater part of the town, and is defended only by the best judges, who, you know, are commonly the fewest ; yet it gains ground daily, and has already been acted eight times. The women think he has exposed their *bitchery* too much, and the gentlemen are offended with him for the discovery of their follies, and the way of their intrigues under the notion of friendship to their ladies' husbands."

Dr. JOHNSON objects to the plots of CONGREVE's comedies, in some of which the play terminates with a marriage in a mask. This excellent critic did not, perhaps, recollect, that till the beginning of Queen ANNE's reign women used to come to the theatres in a mask. This practice was forbidden by a proclamation of that Queen in the first year of her reign.

Mr. CONGREVE, after having been at the expence of the education of the young representative of his ancient and illustrious family, left nearly the whole of his fortune to HENRIETTA, Duchess of Marlborough.

An essay on the difference between wit and humour, in a letter to Mr. DENNIS, the critic, from Mr. CONGREVE, is printed in the Baskerville edition of this comic writer's works. It is very short, but very well done.

### 30.—UTILITY OF THE DRAMA.

The following observation is well intitled to the attention of all those fastidious moralists, and arrogant philosophers who treat it with contempt or indifference.

"It is desirable that the exhibition of dramatic performances should be as frequent as possible in all large and populous places. The common business of life too intensely pursued, makes men unmindful of precepts and maxims of virtue, which they are more apt to forget in the eager pursuits of their avocations, than to abandon through want of principle. The DRAMA awakens them to virtue; exercises all the kinder emotions; and by its kinder influence over the mind and feelings, prevents that moral stagnation, which so much tends to degrade and brutify."

### 31.—O'KEEFE'S PLAYS.

Whatever may be the defects of O'Keefe's pieces, they cannot be charged with either immorality, or indecency—no man has succeeded in the *broad laugh* more inoffensively—he might at times be *trivial*—but he is seldom or never coarse; and though many of his plays have not the seeds of longevity in them, his "*Wild Oats*,"—"Son in Law,"—"Poor Soldier," &c. possess that simplicity of humour, and moral impression, that it must be more the neglect of the times than their demerit, if they are not long found in the course of representation.

### 32.—BEN JONSON.

Was extremely corpulent, and weighed within two

pounds of twenty-two stone, as he says himself, in his epistle to Mr. ARTHUR SQUIBB, printed in his "*Underwoods*," [Vide WHALLEY'S Edit. Vol. 6, page 428.]

### 33.—CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT THEATRES.

It was a common practice in the time of SHAKSPEARE to carry table-books to the theatre, and either from curiosity, or enmity to the author, or some other motive, to write down passages of the play that was represented; and there is reason to believe that the imperfect and mutilated copies of one or two of SHAKSPEARE'S dramas, which are yet extant, were taken down by the ear, or in short-hand, during the representation. At the end of the-piece, the actors, in noblemen's houses and in taverns, where plays were frequently performed, (1) prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons, and in the public theatres for the King and Queen. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue. Hence, probably, as Mr. STEEVENS has observed, the addition of *Vivant Rex et Regina* to the modern play-bills.

MALONE.

### 34.—TRAGI-COMEDIES.

DRYDEN has been said by some persons to have written his tragi-comedies upon his own judgment of the excellence of that neutral Drama. In a M.S. letter of his, however, he says, "I am afraid you discover not your own opinion concerning my irregular way of tragi-comedy, (or my *Doppia Favola*.)"—I will never defend that practice, for I know it distracts the hearers: but I know withal that it

(1) See "*A mad World my Masters*," by MIDDLETON, 1608, Act V.—"Some Sherry for my lord's players there sirrah; why this will be a true feast; a right *Mitre* supper; a play and all."—The *Mitre* here mentioned was a tavern in *Cheape*.

The night before the insurrection of the gallant and unfortunate Earl of Essex, the play of "*Henry the IV*," (not SHAKSPEARE'S piece) was acted at this house.

has hitherto pleased them, for the sake of variety, and for the particular taste which they have to low-comedy. This has been the excuse of dramatic authors, from the earliest times down to the present day.

“ The drama’s laws, the drama’s patrons give,  
And they who live to please—must please to—live.”

#### 34.—THE BOYS OF ST. PAUL’S.

The boys of St. Paul’s were famous for acting the *Mysteries*, or holy plays, and even regular dramas. They often had the honour of performing before our monarchs. Their preparations were expensive; so that they petitioned RICHARD II. to prohibit some ignorant persons from acting the *History of the Old Testament*, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the church. They had their *barne-bishop*, or *child-bishop*, who assumed the state and attire of a prelate. Ludicrous as this holy counterfeit was, Dean COLET expressly orders that his scholars shall, “ every children-mass daye, come to *Paulis churche*, and hear the *chylde bishop’s* sermon, and after be at high masse, and each of them offer a penny to the *chylde bishop*, and with them the maisters and surveyors of the scole.” This character was very common in many of the churches in France, under the name of *L’Evêque des Foux*, or *Archevêque des Foux*. They were dressed in the pontifical habits, and sung such indecent songs, danced and committed such horrible profanations, even before the altar, that at length they were suppressed by an *arret of parlement*, at the request of the Dean and Chapter of Rheims.

#### 35.—MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.—THE INNKEEPER’S DAUGHTER.

This story, first made popular by SOUTHEY’S admirable ballad, and, subsequently, by the melo drama of the “*Innkeeper’s Daughter*,” has been long considered as a poetical fiction. The idea, however, is erroneous; the tale, in its principal points, is true, though the facts have been somewhat disguised by the change of name and coun-

try. *Mary*, her lover, and indeed all the characters of the story, were, in reality, Welch, and in Wales the events of the story took place. An engraved portrait of *Mary*, called the fair Cambrian, is still in existence, and I have heard (though for this I do not vouch) that an original painting is to be found at Hampton Court. It is, indeed, more than probable, that the events have been a little coloured by lapse of years, and what tradition has not been so ? The main fact on which the story is built remains no less indisputable.

### 36.—“THE ROYAL OAK.”

The following curious anecdote, respecting this drama, is copied from No. 7. of the “*Rejected Theatre*,” page 310.

“The piece produced at the Haymarket Theatre, in June 1811, under the title of the “*Royal Oak*,” was a nearly exact transcript *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*, of a piece called, “*Charles II. a Drama in Five Acts*,” inserted in a translation of BERQUIN’S “*Friend of Youth*,” two vols. 12mo, printed for DILLY, STOCKDALE, and Co. Edinburgh, 1788. This unblushing prince of plagiarists, very modestly, in his preface, spoke of “some deviations from history,” whilst the only deviation from BERQUIN’S piece in the surreptitious play, is changing the name of *Cromwell* into that of *Fairfax*. This dramatic *jewel-monger* might be apostrophised, “Many have done *thievingly*, but *thou* excellest them *all* !” May we presume that the remuneration for “*The Royal Oak*” was regulated upon the well-known story of the rival venders of *birch-brooms*, which were afforded cheap by him who stole the *materials*, but cheapest by him who stole them ready made !”

### 37.—THE FEELINGS OF AN ACTOR.

It is supposed, that in a highly wrought scene of woe, the actor suffers sensibly from the distress of that passion. We have all heard it remarked, that the effect produced on Mrs. SIDDONS, from entering too deeply into the feel-

ings which she so admirably excited in the character of *Isabella*, has been very alarming; and that other performers have been unable, at the end of a piece, to walk off the stage. Such may have been the effect, but I am not ready to admit that the true cause has been alledged. Affectation out of the question, it may, in my opinion, arise from excessive fatigue, through violent efforts, but never from the indulgence of the passion which they mimic. Take this anecdote to support the assertion.

GARRICK roused the feelings more than any other actor upon record, and most probably suffered as much from their exertion. However, I have lately learned from a medical gentlemen of some eminence, that on his once making the above remark to TOM KING, the comedian, he received this reply:—"Pooh! he suffer from his feelings! Why, sir, I was playing with him one night in *Lear*, when, in the midst of a most passionate and afflicting part, and when the whole audience were in tears, he turned his head round to me, and putting his tongue in his cheek, whispered, '*Damme, Tom, it'll do!*'"—So much for stage feeling! In fact, an actor may make others feel, without feeling himself, as a whetstone can work up steel until it cuts, which the whetstone never does.

Lambeth, July 2, 1821.

GLANVILLE.

## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"If it be conceded that amusements are necessary to mankind, it follows that those amusements should be varied, according to the age, the sex, and the attainments of those for whom they are intended; the STAGE presents the greatest variety."

LLOYD.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

Aug. 21.—Mountaineers—Coronation—How to die for love.

22.—A Cheque on my Banker—Ibid—Mayor of Garratt.

23.—Ibid—Ibid—Spectre Bridegroom.

24.—Ibid—Ibid—Midnight Hour.

25.—Jew—Ibid—Day after the Wedding.

27.—Maid and Magpie—Ibid—Mayor of Garratt.

28.—Ella Rosenberg—Ibid—FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.  
[First time.]

The plot of this farce is nearly as brief as its title :—

Mr. *Nonplus* [Mr. COOPER] being at the house of his uncle, Mr. *Wisacre* [GATTIE], is in want of £500 to satisfy his creditors, and not being able to come at it in an honest way, frightens his relation out of the money, by personating the ghost of an insolvent debtor, and calling two imps to his assistance. He is immediately, thereupon, to be married to the rich ward [Mrs. ORGER] who lives under the same roof, although she is, at the same time, promised by the guardian to Mr. *Bobbin* [RUSSELL], haberdasher of Cripple-gate ; “ *and that is all,*” as MATHEWS says, at the conclusion of his description of a long story. There are three other characters engaged besides, and a diversity of small incidents, in putting off which the actors exerted themselves with some effect. Mr. COOPER filled the part of *Nonplus* and the *Ghost* in his usual correct manner. Mrs. ORGER played with spirit. Little KNIGHT took the part of one *Gumption*, who is a main contributor to the contrivance and execution of the business. The piece was received with the greatest disapprobation. Yet, although decidedly condemned, it was given out for a second representation, and the bills of the next day were underlined with a gross falsehood respecting its reception, which was stated to have been most flattering. This custom of underlining the play-bills with “ *base unworthy lies,*” formed only to mislead, is highly reprehensible. We leave the theatre at night, disgusted at what we have seen (or rather heard) and are told in the morning that this same

—“ *Piece (which public rage,*

*Or right, or wrong, has hooted from the stage)*

Was received with “ *unbounded applause,*” and that it will



be "*repeated every evening till further notice*, because we were so much "*delighted*" with it! It may be well said of our modern managers—

"Here shall the follies we invite,  
Empiric pow'r maintain;  
For if they're *damm'd every night*,  
We'll *thrust* them forth again!"

29.—Liar—Coronation—Five Hundred Pounds.

We are happy to say, Mr. *Nonplus* this evening *gave up* the *ghost*.

"This was a consummation devoutly to be wished."

30.—A Cheque on my Banker—Coronation—Spectre Bridegroom.

31.—Ibid—Ibid—How to Die for Love.

Sept. 1.—Ibid—Ibid—No Song no Supper.

3.—Dramatist—Ibid—Ella Rosenberg.

4.—A Cheque on my Banker—Ibid—Spectre Bridegroom.

5.—Jew—Ibid—Magpie.

6.—A Cheque on my Banker—Ibid—How to Die for Love.

7.—Liar—Ibid—Midnight Hour.

8.—GERALDI DUVAL, *the Bandit of Bohemia* [First time]—Ibid—Day after the Wedding.

This piece is of the melo-dramatic school, and though it cannot rank with the best compositions of that nature, it is very far removed from the worst. The plot is sufficiently improbable, but somewhat too simple for this species of drama, which delights not more in the marvellous than it does in the variety and intricacy of incident. The present piece is the work of Mr. WALKER, the author of the tragedy of "*Wallace*," who has made one of Mrs. OPIE's novels ("*The Russian Boy*,") the foundation of this effort. That lady professes to have founded it on an incident taken from a French newspaper.

*Geraldi Duval* [COOPER], the son of a peasant, aspires to the hand of *Ethelinde* [Miss SMITHSON], a noble and wealthy heiress. He is repulsed with all the disdain which his preposterous ambition deserves. Revenge rankles in his breast, and he attempts the life of her he had professed to love. He succeeds in wounding *Ethelinde*, but imme-

diately apprehended, branded, and imprisoned. After a confinement of three years, he breaks his bonds, and joins a desperate gang of robbers, who elect him their chief, and swear to assist in obtaining for him ample vengeance. In the disguise of a beggar, he seeks the presence of *Ethelinde* (now *Countess of Altenberg*), and succeeds in obtaining an interview. He tells her, that he will not then take away her life, but that he will hover round her, embitter her joys, and that when the proper hour arrives, that he will not spare his victim. He next contrives to get a letter conveyed to *Count Altenberg* [Mr. BARNARD], in which he beseeches him, in a most penitent strain, to visit the contrite and dying *Duval*, at a neighbouring ruin. The Count foolishly accedes to his request, but in approaching the place of rendezvous, is surrounded by *Duval* and his associates, wounded, and hurried away to the cavern which the banditti have made their abode. *Duval* now proceeds to the chateau of the *Count*, and carries off the fair *Ethelinde*, in a state of insensibility. During *Duval's* absence from the cavern, *Barbara*, his wife [Mrs. EGERTON], enables *Altenberg* to make his escape, by disguising him in her habiliments. *Duval* now arrives, with his prey, and is on the point of putting her to death, when the report of fire-arms is heard, the haunt of the banditti is forced, and *Duval* falls at the moment when he hoped to have satiated his revenge.

The plot is eked out by the introduction of a few comic characters;—*Maurice*, a garrulous old steward [GATTIE]; *Nina*, his daughter [Miss CUBITT], whose anxiety to enter the holy state of matrimony exceeds all description; and her lover, *Wittikin* [KNIGHT], who is only remarkable for his cowardice, a quality not the most likely to win the heart of a spirited damsel.

Our readers will perceive there is nothing new in the fable. A banditti, headed by a ferocious outlaw; a robber's wife overflowing with the milk of human kindness—a persecuted female, and a body of stupid domestics—these have formed, for many a long year, the component parts of the various melo-dramatic monsters we have seen. The author, with capabilities for works of a superior description, has bowed to the taste, or perhaps want of taste,

which encourages this description of entertainments, and certainly has produced an amusing melo-drama. Its incidents, though not numerous, are in general effective, and most of the situations are striking. The serious part of the dialogue is well written; the comic portion is rather extravagant, and not very witty.

The players exerted themselves with the greatest effect and the parts were well disposed to ensure success. Mr. COOPER performed *Duval* in a very impressive style. Mrs. EGERTON shewed her best skill in heightening the part of *Barbara*; she raised a meagre character into comparative importance. These parts are extremely suitable to that lady's peculiar style of acting. Miss SMITHSON's beauty almost justified *Duval's* frenzied passion, but her excellence did not travel far beyond that point. The cold precision of her utterance and demeanour is entirely at variance with nature. This lady's acting certainly does not improve with her years. Mr. BARNARD was very respectable in the *Count*. KNIGHT put off much of his comic humour in *Wittikin*, which would have been very inconsiderable in other hands than his. The music, by Mr. T. COOKE, is entitled to the most favourable notice, especially one bacchanal glee and chorus, in the third act, given by the robbers; it is admirable. The melo-drama was very successful, notwithstanding the want of new scenery and decorations.

10.—Gerald Duval—Coronation—Mayor of Garratt.

11.—Ibid—Ibid—How to Die for Love.

12.—Ibid—Ibid—No Song no Supper.

13.—Ibid—Ibid—Fortune's Frolic.

14.—Ibid—Ibid—Midnight Hour.

15.—Ibid—Ibid—Rosina.

17.—Ibid—Ibid—Giovanni in London.

18.—Ibid—Ibid—Spectre Bridegroom.

19.—Ibid—Ibid—Ibid.

20.—Ibid—Ibid—MONSIEUR TONSON. [First time.]


In this entertaining farce, the ludicrous adventures related in the well-known tale of that name, are humourously interwoven with a plot possessing just sufficient interest to give dramatic effect to the story. The following is an outline of the piece:—

*Mr. Thompson*, an English merchant, being in Paris, falls in love with the only daughter of the noble family of *De Courcy*, and his pretensions to her hand being rejected by her family, carries her off to England, and privately marries her. Some time afterwards, the smallness of his fortune induces him to return to France, in the hope of being able to live in retirement at a cheaper rate than at home. He is, however, discovered by the family of *De Courcy*, and through their interest, his wife and daughter are immured, and himself imprisoned by a *lettre de cachet* in the Bastille, where he remains until the demolition of that citadel of despotism, on the bursting out of the French revolution, when he returns to England; the length of his captivity have so inured him to habits of restraint, that he takes into his service the turnkey of the ward in which he had been confined, in order that he may still be under the control of the discipline of the key, but very pathetically laments that the utmost endeavours of this attendant to keep up his former regimen "fall far short of the real thing after all." His fortune having accumulated during his absence from England, he is anxious to discover what may have been the fate of his wife and child in the stormy and eventful times of the revolution, and at the period of the opening of the piece he is engaged in endeavours for that purpose. He has a nephew, named *Jack Harland*, who being smitten with the charms of *Adolfine de Courcy*, a beautiful French girl, whom he accidentally encounters in the street, instantly commences a pursuit after her, which she, being somewhat alarmed, from a fear of rudeness and insult, endeavours to evade, and after wandering successively through several streets, at length succeeds in eluding his vigilance in Oxford Street. Here *Harland*, just as he is at fault, is met by his old school-fellow, the celebrated *Tom King*, of dashing notoriety, who undertakes to aid him in the pursuit, and succeeds in tracing her, at ten o'clock at night, to the house of *Monsieur Morbleu*, a French emigrant colonel, turned barber in Seven Dials, where she lodges. The damsel being safely housed, the difficulty is to get a sight of her, for which purpose *Tom* proposes to knock at the door, in hopes of its being opened by her, the rest of the family being re-

tired to bed. In this, however, he is disappointed, and the door being opened by the Frenchman himself, *Tom*, by way of excuse, inquires if a *Mr. Thompson* lodges there, and being answered in the negative, he retires, and the Frenchman is tormented with a series of persecuting inquiries, all associated with the name of *Thompson*, by which his rest is broken throughout the night. *Tom King* having commenced the attack, *Harland's* servant follows it up, and is succeeded by *Mr. Thompson* himself, who having purchased some French drawings, to revive his recollections of Paris, and discovering the name of the artist to be *Adolfine de Courcy*, supposes it to be his wife, and tracing her to her lodgings at the house of *Morbleu*, knocks, and announces himself as *Mr. Thompson*, upon which he is rudely repulsed by the Frenchman, and imagining the treatment he receives to proceed from the determination of his wife's family to keep them asunder, sends two police officers to search the house for her, in their attempt to do which they are prevented by the watchman, whom *Morbleu* has ordered to take up any person inquiring at his door for *Mr. Thompson*. A similar round of annoying visits being repeated on the ensuing night, determines *Morbleu* to quit his shop, and he takes refuge in a tavern, where, just as he is sitting down to dinner, he is scared by hearing the name of *Thompson*, pronounced by a person who is reading "*Thompson's Seasons*," and who, to calm his apprehensions of a visit from his tormentor, assures him that the person of whom he spoke is dead, whereupon the deluded Frenchman, taking it for granted that the cause of his disquiet is at length deceased, returns to his shop. In the mean time, *Harland*, by means of a false key, procured by *King*, has gained admittance to *Morbleu's* house, and succeeded in persuading *Adolfine*, whom he is determined to marry, to quit it with him, under the pretence of having discovered her parents. No sooner has *Morbleu* re-entered upon the possession of his former habitation, than his dream of happiness is again disturbed by the renewal of the sound of the detested name of *Thompson*. *King* commences with his usual inquiry; *Harland* follows; next comes *Mr. Thompson*, who has ascertained *Adolfine* to be his daugh-

ter, and finally, *Mrs. Thompson* comes, in pursuance of an advertisement, to discover her husband, and in the climax of the poor Frenchman's distraction, his peace is at once restored by the accidental meeting of all the parties at his house.

These are the materials of which the farce is constructed, and considerable skill and ability has been displayed in putting them together. The incidents are ludicrous and happily conceived ; the *equivoque* is well kept, and the *dénouement* is ingeniously contrived. The chief fault of the piece is its length, which may be easily remedied by a judicious retrenchment of many of the jokes, which are exceedingly flat ; by the omission of one or two of the incidents, which in no way assist the business of the plot ; and by the curtailment of the dialogue, which is unnecessarily, and even tediously protracted. The whole of the performers engaged in the piece merit the highest praise for their exertions. Mr. COOPER, in *Tom King*, gave an efficient and spirited portrait of the flippant, jovial, knowing blade of the town. Mr. FOOTE, as *Mr. Thompson* ; Mr. MEREDITH, as his attendant, the *cidevant* turnkey of the Bastile ; Mr. BARNARD, as *Harland* ; and Miss SMITHSON, as *Adolfine*, made the most of their respective parts ; as did Mrs. BLAND, who, in *Madame Bellegarde*, a *cidevant* marchioness, but *actuellement* housekeeper of all-work to *Monsieur Morbleu*, sputtered her broken English with a most edifying French air and accent, and sung a little song to a well-known and popular French air so sweetly as to merit and obtain an *encore* ; but the brunt of the business, and nearly the whole weight of the piece, fell upon Mr. GATTIE, who well sustained the honour ; the vivacity, the humour, the accent, and the gesture of his *Monsieur Morbleu*, rendered it a complete performance, and acquired him a just share of credit and approbation. The piece kept the house in constant good humour and an uninterrupted roar of laughter, and was announced for repetition amidst the unanimous applause of a full and highly respectable audience.



## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A round of rich comic entertainments has been produced at this elegant place of amusement during the last month, entertainments well calculated to sustain its *ancient reputation*, as the favourite resort of mirth and good humour. The public approbation has kept pace with the emulation displayed by the managers and performers; and the most golden effects, have resulted, from this combination.

Sept. 1.—*Fontainbleau*.

O'Keefe's happy compound of wit, whim, and humorous eccentricity, has been performed several times,—and JONES's *Lackland*, OXBERRY's *Tallyho*, DECAMP's *Epaulette*, RUSSELL's *Lapoché*, and Mrs. PEARCE's *Dolly Bull*, have presented a combination of comic excellence and laughter provoking power, that would have discomposed the gravity of the most determined stoic, and have teased the most obdurate cynic, into smiles of good humour and approbation. The audience was kept in continued peals of laughter, at the flashes of merriment constantly elicited, and breaking forth from the dialogue. We must say the piece was cast with the most efficient strength, and has never been seen to more advantage. Mr. JONES gave a fine mixed colouring of humour, and impudence to his part. Sometimes, too, it became tinged with sensibility, which awakened compassion, so that altogether, he justified the stratagems of ungracious poverty by the adroitness of their execution. Mr. DECAMP was very happy in *Colonel Epaulette*, and without suffering the character to incur contempt, contrived to shew off the absurdity of a "*denationalized manner*," most humourously. Mr. OXBERRY's *Tallyho*, was the truest picture of jockey gentlemanship that can be imagined—professing humour in every transaction, and discovering a senseless readiness in each case to violate it; he might be mistaken by many titled "*Corinthians*" for an insinuating reviler of the new-fashioned morals. The business of the scenes which lay with the above three, was kept up with the greatest spirit. Mr. J. RUSSELL was very rich in his part of *Lapoché*, and must

have edified the splenetic and melancholy, greatly dilating their lungs with laughter, and tickling their imaginations with his fantastic compound of amorous, selfish, servile, and boisterous conceit, conveyed in sentences of most ludicrous arrangement. Mr. WILLIAMS played *Sir John Bull* in his usual bluff, and easy-minded way; and Mrs. JONES's *Mrs. Casey*, was a unique gem in the drama of no small worth. The hilarity excited by this excellent performance was most agreeably heightened and relieved by the singing of LEONI LEE, as *Winlove*; PAYNE, as *Henry*; Miss CORRI, as *Celia*; and Miss CAREW, as *Rosa*. In conclusion we cannot but observe, that without exception we never saw a piece so well supported in all its parts, or one that appeared to give such universal satisfaction.

5.—Venice Preserved.

This tragedy was performed this evening for the purpose of introducing a young lady (named BRUDENELL) to the public, in the character of *Belvidera*. She was very flatteringly received—but though not destitute of talent and theatrical knowledge, we think she cannot stand the least comparison with Mrs. SIDDONS, or Miss O'NEILL. In personal appearance she yields but little to either—but still she wants that *strength and richness of voice*—that *harmony and variety of tone*—that softness and clearness of enunciation—that “mind and music breathing from the face,” which distinguished those celebrated actresses. Her style is allied to tenderness, and she was most successful in the feminine milder passions; not that she wanted spirit in the more arduous junctures, for, in the two scenes, where she urges *Jaffier* to the confession of the conspiracy, she displayed considerable fire and sensibility. Mr. CONWAY sustained the part of the doating husband in a manner which will serve to maintain his already high reputation. His acknowledgments of treachery to *Pierre* on the various occasions, and his defiance of the torture to the senate, which he pronounced in a tone of the most dignified boldness, were the principal points of his performance. Mr. TERRY's *Pierre*, exhibited the quaint and daring spirit of that alluring conspirator in the most excellent style. Since his celebrated *Ventidius*, in “*Antony and Cleopatra*,” he has not been seen to more advantage. The other parts were well



sustained, and the piece was announced for a second repetition with the highest applause. It has several times since been performed, and Mrs. BRUDENELL has greatly advanced in the opinion of the public.

12.—The Marriage of Figaro.

The style in which this piece has been got up deserves the highest praise; it has met with the most decided success. The house was crowded at the drawing up of the curtain. The very moderate pretensions which the managers had put forth in their announcements on the score of music, would scarcely have led any one to have expected to have heard the airs, duets, and choruses, executed as they were in this piece. Mr. DECAMP, as *Figaro*, shewed great expertness in getting through the difficult music assigned him, independently of the vivacity of his performance. He was very warmly applauded in the military air, best known by its Italian title of "*Non piu Andrai*," which he sang from beginning to end with surprising dexterity. In noticing this song, the orchestral arrangements command attention, as they are equally creditable to the liberality of the managers and the skill of the musicians. The composition could scarcely be heard to more advantage in the opposite building. Miss R. CORRI, as *Susanna*, and Miss CAREW, as the *Countess*, came up to any thing yet seen in the enactment of their several parts and almost to any thing yet heard in the music, which has been so happily engrafted from MOZART on the English play. Mr. L. LEE made the part of *Fiorelli* conspicuous by the evenness and polish of his tones. The duet between him and Miss R. CORRI ("*Crudel perche*" in the original), was very vehemently *encored*, and excellently sung on both occasions. Mrs. GARRICK, as *Barbarina*, was only inferior to the two other ladies. She sang the air from ROSSINI, which is inserted in the English piece, with more feeling and evident apprehension of the beauties of the composition than are generally attributed to her. The parts confined to acting and dialogue were happily disposed. Mr. JONES, as the *Count*, is well known from his able fulfilment of the part at Covent: garden. Mrs. CHATTERLEY's performance of *Cherubino* is one of the liveliest and most amusing parts of the entertainments. She drives on the commerce of toying and women's favours,

of smiles and kisses, and amorous pleasantries, with an apparently heartfelt zest, which yet is so harmless, that prudery itself would scarcely wish to diminish it. Mr. TAYLEURE played the soaking gardener well. The laughter was abundant, and the gratification of the audience complete.

20.—MATCH-BREAKING ; or, *The Prince's Present.*

This comedy is attributed to Mr. KENNEY. It is of all modern pieces the least dependant on ordinary stage stratagem for its success. The plot is as follows :—

The German family of De Stromberg, who are rather disloyal in their conversation and sentiments, have betrothed their niece Emma to Edgar, a Captain in the King's guard. Edgar, however, has great reason to be jealous of the Prince himself, who comes into the family in the disguise of his relation Hoffman, a Professor of Philosophy. At the moment of signing the contract, the supposed Professor suggests the necessity of the Prince's written consent to the marriage ; but the Baroness and the three brothers De Stromberg, in a lofty and satirical assertion of their independance, spurn at the idea, and insist on proceeding. At the critical moment, a present arrives from the Prince, conveyed by one of his pages to Emma, with a complimentary inscription. This produces a sudden change. The family are astonished, the contract is suspended, and the independants are suddenly seized with the hope of marrying Emma to the Prince himself. The younger brother, Solomon, is an empty, self-sufficient coxcomb, who is constantly buzzing about the Court, with an affectation of despising it, he is sent in search of information. The Professor Hoffman has written against the Prince, and to the supposed Professor, Solomon is very free of his satire and invectives. The prince, who has, in fact, been struck with a passionate admiration of Emma, becomes, in the course of his visits incognito, still more enamoured of the simplicity and purity of her heart, and the jealousy of Edgar is exasperated to the highest degree. Every appearance increases the hopes of the family. The Prince sends notice of a public visit, and at this moment an officer arrives in the family to arrest the supposed Professor for his writings against the Prince. The family are in the greatest alarm, and im-

mediately determine on turning the Professor out, that he may not be found in their house. The Prince's arrival is announced, and at the moment they should welcome, they are bent on removing him in his assumed character; at this point he discovers himself, joins the lovers, expresses good-humoured retort on the apostate malcontents, whom he freely forgives, and the curtain falls.

There are no terms of praise too great to match the merits of the actors. Mr. TERRY, who performed the disguised Prince, displayed an air of intelligent dignity which called back the recollection of KEMBLE very powerfully. He is one of the few actors left us who are able to rely more upon their clear apprehension of a writer than upon the gesture and action which are to illustrate him. Mr. JONES made a most meddling, garrulous, and mock-mysterious faction-monger of *Fallowitz*, one of the instructively mutinous relatives of *Emma*. Mr. YOUNGER, Mr. WILLIAMS, and Mrs. PEARCE, filled up the other characters of the family; and, certainly, the alternate moods of sedition and sycophancy were admirably put off by the whole groupe. Mrs. CHATTERLEY played the gentle and sensitive *Emma*. When the Prince was trying her truth to her lover by exhibiting to her imagination all the seductions of wealth and rank, by her heroic and affectionate denial she must have made the hearts of all the bachelors feel a queer void at not having met with a subject of the same kind to bless their several destinies. Mr. DECAMP performed the lover, *Edgar*, which, though a busy part, tends little to elevate the performer in the esteem of the audience, being little else than a foil for setting off the faction-curing skill of the Prince.—There are two subordinate parts which are well connected with the story, though the main purpose seems to be that of giving an opportunity to Miss R. CORRI, and Mrs. BAKER, to sing some very agreeable airs and duets, which are set to good metre, and were most musically given by those young ladies. At the falling of the curtain, Mr. TERRY stepped forward and said, that from the flattering testimonies of applause already bestowed, he had no difficulty in announcing the piece for repetition every evening till further notice. Shouts of applause from every part of the house welcomed the intelligence. Again he

announced that on Saturday night it would be presented, together with the *Marriage of Figaro*, for the benefit of Mr. JONES.—(*More Applauses.*)

Subjoined is the Prologue—no Epilogue was given :—

### PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. TERRY.

While Coronation, magic title ! fills  
Of Winter Theatres the summer bills ;  
And we, all envious, have beheld you fly  
To hail two Kings in rival Majesty,  
How could we hope, on this our humble stage,  
With those great Monarchs mighty war to wage ?  
Here no Procession lures the wondering eye,  
Dukes, Bishops, Peers, and Clerks in Chancery—  
No Charger here amongst ye sideling wheels,  
Threatening your noses with his playful heels ;  
Yet, indefatigably, still we use  
The means we have, and call upon the muse ;  
And may these loyal signs to-night prevail  
In favour of a light and loyal tale.  
We have our Prince too, as the fashion goes,  
Let him make friends, nor meet with stubborn foes ;  
Good humour guides us, and good humour here,  
Cheats many a trembling Author of his fear ;  
And tho' no pageant train, or glittering crown  
Assist our Prince's hopes of fair renown,  
Yet may good humour there (*To the Boxes*) his Cham-  
pion sit,  
Or ride triumphant thro' a generous pit.  
This for our play. For us who are denied  
To grace our honest zeal with scenic pride,  
Let me, in good round terms, our hearts display,  
And what we freely feel, as freely say  
In this, as in our gallant sister land ;  
May good old feeling every shock withstand,  
Hush civil strife, from faction pluck her sting,  
And loyal subjects make a Patriot King.

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*T. & I. Elvey, Printers, Castle Street, Holborn.*

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